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—Of Note

THE

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The Economics of Racism

by Michael Harrington

Two Cities of Germany

by Gabriel Gersh

Satire, Schmatire

by Nat Hentoff

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THE
Commonweal
A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-SEVENTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

week by week

AMERICAN CATHOLICS TODAY

OF ALL THE words addressed to graduating Catholic students this year, some of the most interesting, certainly, were those delivered by Archbishop Egidio Vagnozzi. The sermon he delivered at the baccalaureate services of Marquette University is of particular interest not simply because of the Archbishop's position as Apostolic Delegate to the United States, nor even because a visitor can often point out aspects of American Catholic life which are overlooked by those who are more intimately concerned. While these things are true, the Archbishop's sermon distinguished itself by virtue of those aspects of Catholic life which he selected for particular attention.

After quite properly dismissing the idea that there is any "contradiction between faith in the supernatural and a true and genuine intellectuality" the Apostolic Delegate went on to discuss such matters as the dangers facing the Catholic intellectual today, recent Biblical scholarship, the liturgy, and liturgical art. All of these topics are of immediate concern to the students he was addressing, of course, but they are also topics with which American Catholics have been intensely concerned in recent years. The remarks of the Apostolic Delegate must, therefore, be seen as part of a very significant and continuing dialogue within the Church.

Although he sometimes elected to speak with a pleasing extravagance—saying, for instance, that in the twenty centuries of its life "the Church has always encouraged all intellectual achievements," thus overlooking those conflicts where the faults were not all on one side—Archbishop Vagnozzi generally qualified his statements so that the audience would not misunderstand and apply them where they are inappropriate. One can note, for example, the distinguishing qualifications in his comments on the modern intellectual.

PASSING from the dangers facing Catholic intellectuals, he said that "some Catholic intellectuals . . . seem to feel that the Catholic intellectual effort of today does not seem to measure up satisfactorily with the level of the secular effort, that an excessive attachment to traditional positions appears to prevent the Church from truly facing modern problems with adequate answers and assuring directions.

"They seem to feel that every effort has to be made in order to build a bridge between modern secular thought and Catholic thought, even to the point of digressing from positions traditionally accepted in the past, in the expectation of being acknowledged and accepted in the intellectual circles today.

"In an attempt to obtain this acknowledgment and acceptance, they are inclined to introduce interpretations of Catholic teaching which often appear to be contradictory to what has been believed. . . ."

The limitations and qualifications which the Archbishop has attached to the group he is reproving place it within very narrow limits. And the Archbishop was as careful when he spoke of the excesses of those who were concerned with Biblical scholarship and liturgical art. For surely that "intellectual" who adopts intellectual positions for snobbish reasons is not an intellectual; the "scholar" who puts forth as definitive truth what is only theory is not a scholar; the artist who considers liturgical art only from the aesthetic point of view has no business calling it liturgical. And these were the people about whom, from his descriptions, the Apostolic Delegate was concerned.

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These are useful cautions, for if even a few people indulged in these excesses they could endanger the work of those vigorous scholars, clergy and laity, whose constructive criticism has recently done so much to advance Catholic education in this country. Regrettably, however, the Archbishop has failed to realize how readily others would discard the necessary qualifications he himself made and would regard his statements as an attack upon the very forces that need additional support in this country. Since this has happened in more than one diocesan paper already, there is also the danger that the students he addressed may make the same error.

Fortunately, there are in the U.S. educators and scholars who, conscious of the problems the Apostolic Delegate mentioned, conscious also of the great burden and opportunity of the Catholic in this country, recommend proper directions for American Catholics to follow. Humble before the truth, they recognize that Catholic schools and scholars have much to learn from their secular counterparts. Working in the best of Catholic traditions, they wish to establish and maintain a proper interchange. And, attentive to the words of the Holy See, so often in advance of the majority of Catholics in this country, they labor in those fields which the Holy See has recommended to our attention and best effort.

In the words of Father Hesburgh, C.S.C., president of the University of Notre Dame, these people engage in the great work of mediation—"mediation that understands both extremes that must be brought together, mediation based upon empirical current fact, as well as timeless principle, mediation that is not afraid to blaze new trails in new wildernesses: that both God and man may be well served in our times and in this new world that so needs new application of the ancient Christian wisdom."

AID-TO-EDUCATION BOTTLENECK

PRESIDENT KENNEDY'S aid-to-education bill is, at this writing, still bottled up in the House Rules Committee. It is being kept from the floor of the House by two Catholic Congressmen, both Democrats, who have added their all-important votes to those of Republican and Southern conservative committee-members.

The two Congressmen, James J. Delaney of New York and Thomas P. O'Neill, Jr. of Massachusetts, explain that they voted as they did in order to insure equal committee status for the proposed National Defense Education Act amendment. This is the amendment which would enable private schools to borrow Federal funds for certain specific purposes. Insofar as the amendment would help to accomplish the aims of the original legislation—to strengthen the nation's educational facilities in the interests of national defense—we think it is probably a good thing. And insofar as it would under particularly designated conditions assist private schools in carrying their share of the nation's educational burden, it is also a good amendment. But under the present circumstances we are afraid that the supporters of this amendment, Representatives Delaney and O'Neill particularly, are making a serious mistake.

First of all, the blocking of legislation by refusing to let it come to a vote is arbitrary, undemocratic, actually a circumvention of the legislative process. Similar cases of legislative blackmail were common in the Rules Committee when it was dominated by Rep. Howard W. Smith (D.-Va.) and other conservatives; the new, enlarged Rules Committee was supposed to prevent the possibility of precisely these abuses.

Secondly, even as a pragmatic political maneuver, the linking of the general aid bill with the N.D.E.A. amendment in order to save the latter from its enemies on the committee is hard to justify. Granted that the Defense Education amendment is a good one; granted that if it gets out of committee at all, it will have much better chances of passage linked with the general bill than it would later on. Nevertheless, it is not that important a piece of legislation; it is not so crucial that for its sake the general aid-to-education program should be jeopardized.

There is no question, we think, that the Administration bill is a good one and that it is desperately needed. Surely it is disproportionate to threaten the life of this general bill for the sake of the limited goals of the N.D.E.A. amendment.

Not least among the regrettable aspects of the Delaney-O'Neill maneuver is that it may rekindle animosities which had been successfully laid to rest. Generally, the debate over the question of aid to parochial schools seemed to have accomplished much good. The issue itself was clarified by the arguments on both sides, with the "Catholic" position gaining new understanding and sympathy, if not support. There was no national or Congressional division along religious lines. The fact that President Kennedy is a Catholic and took the position he did—in flat opposition to that of the Bishops—was significant in the progress of religious

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understanding in the United States. The old saws about the Catholic monolith and the subservience of Catholics to the hierarchy in matters of political judgment were shown up as the myths they are.

These good effects of the aid-to-education discussion are now threatened by the intransigence of two well-intentioned, no doubt, but mistaken Congressmen. The amendment they are fighting for is not going to solve the public-private school problems of the nation; it is not vital to the nation at large or to the private schools it would assist. Insistence on it may cost our country dearly.

We think the Administration's general aid-to-educational bill should be passed. Whether it is passed or not, it deserves at least to be reported out of committee and voted on by the Congress.

UNIONS, DUES AND POLITICS

THE SUPREME COURT'S most recent ruling in a labor case, some commentators complain, goes in two directions. Perhaps so, but we like them both.

The case which reached the high court involved a protest by six Georgia railway workers that the union-shop provision of the Railway Labor Act violated their constitutional rights. Because of it, they said, they had to pay dues to an organization which used part of their money for political purposes to which they were opposed. The employees' contention was upheld by the Georgia Supreme Court, which declared in their favor and ruled the union-shop provision of the Railway Labor Act unconstitutional. This decision in turn was appealed to the United States Supreme Court by the railroad and the union.

In its complex ruling, the U.S. Supreme Court did two things: it upheld the union-shop as such, reversing the lower court, and at the same time it declared that a union cannot spend a member's dues for a political goal if he objects to that goal.

To our mind, both aspects of this decision make very good sense. In point of fact, most of labor's political spending is financed by voluntary contributions and not by dues, and this will be unaffected by the Court's decision. But when money not voluntarily contributed is used for political purposes, the Court decision should provide a necessary and useful check.

What is not clear about the Court decision is just what happens now. The Georgia court could order the union to return that portion of the workers' dues which was used for political purposes, and it could issue an injunction against such practices in the future. Both processes would be slow and cumbersome, and few employees would care to attempt them. Under these circumstances, we think the railway union and all unions in comparable situations would be wise to accept the spirit of the ruling wholeheartedly and comply with it immediately and in all cases, without the necessity of injunctions or long-drawn-out legal processes.

Summer Schedule

In line with the usual practice, The Commonweal will again appear on alternate weeks from the middle of July to the middle of September. Forthcoming issues will be dated as follows: July 14, July 28, Aug. 11, Aug. 25, Sept. 8, and Sept. 22. From then on The Commonweal will return to its normal weekly printing schedule.

WATER, WATER—EVERYWHERE

WATER has its uses, but let's face it: as the subject for an editorial it is not exciting. This week, though, there is news which even those who can take water or leave it alone must find interesting. With a push of a button, President Kennedy turned on the nation's biggest "water factory" —a plant near Freeport, Texas, which can convert sea water into fresh water at the rate of a million gallons a day. So far the process is expensive, costing more than twice as much as processing regular water for human consumption. But the Freeport plant is only the first in a national program begun under the Eisenhower Administration, and there is good reason to hope that ways will be found to reduce the cost substantially.

What the success of this venture could mean for the future is easily grasped by counting up the millions of acres of land which are presently untillable for lack of fresh water but which are near almost limitless supplies of now unusable ocean water. If present efforts to convert sea water cheaply and efficiently are successful, the face of the globe itself could be changed, literally, and millions of people in arid regions would see a whole new life opening up before them. This, we submit, *is* exciting. After all, how often does a scientific development come along that may have a more radical—and certainly more useful—effect on the world than the discovery of the H-bomb?

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THE POLITICAL GENERALS

THE TWENTY-FOURTH Infantry Division has lost its commander and the right wing has gained a martyr. This, I take it, is the effect of the Army's transfer of Major General Edwin A. Walker and his subsequent official "admonishment" for his political activities. Whether he likes it or not, the General has become something of a cause.

General Walker, it will be remembered, is the latest addition to our growing list of "political" generals and admirals. He manned the right-wing ramparts in Germany—a spot too far away, perhaps, for the John Birch Society's Robert Welch to reach in person. But his views seem to be not much different from those of other top-ranking army and navy officers who have been encouraging similar Birch-type "educational" programs in the United States, often enough in such a way that these ventures seem to be presented under military auspices.

The General's motives, it should be said immediately, were good enough—as I'm sure the motives of the right-wing brass in this country are. The official educational program carried out among the troops under his command was intended, in his words, "to develop an understanding of the American military and civil heritage, responsibility toward that heritage, and the facts and objectives of those enemies who would destroy it." There is nothing in that statement of purpose, certainly, with which anyone would quarrel. But in fact the General belongs to what has come to be called, in one of the classic misnomers of our time, the "hard" anti-Communists. It was not, therefore, easy to see much difference between an Army orientation program under General Walker's inspiration and the right-wing "anti-Communist" rites that are currently being celebrated all over the U.S., *à la* Robert Welch and his John Birchers. And since there are obvious objections to having an Army education program turned into a right-wing indoctrination course, public clamor ultimately forced the Pentagon to brave the wrath of the John Birchers and deliver to General Walker the mildest of reprimands, an oral admonishment.

My only quarrel with the Pentagon's action in this matter is that General Walker seems to have got off rather lightly. I can't see at all the argument that his civil liberties or constitutional rights have been in any way violated by his removal and the mild reproof he received. On the contrary, it seems to me the Walker case raises constitutional issues in the opposite direction, providing one more example of the large and increasingly serious problem of civilian-military relationships in this country.

In a speech near the end of his second term, Armyman Dwight D. Eisenhower referred rather cryptically to the growing danger of a scientific-military oligarchy in this country. As I understand Mr. Eisenhower's remarks, he was particularly concerned about the pressures that are brought to bear on national defense policy by combines of officers, scientists, industrialists and sympathetic Congressmen, all with vested interests of one sort or another in air power vs. missiles, carriers vs. submarines, conventional weapons vs. tactical nuclear arms, and the like. No one, I should think, would accuse Mr. Eisenhower of any anti-military bias, and if he considered this was a grave problem, the rest of us ought to be willing to examine the situation.

As far as I can see, though, almost no one paid any attention to President Eisenhower's words of warning. Similarly, when President Kennedy made it clear to the top brass that their speeches should reflect public policy rather than try to make it, much of the reaction in the press was dismaying, consisting mainly of the charge that the President was trying to gag the military. In a sense he was, of course, but he was quite right in doing so, and his action was long overdue.

The policy of this government is or should be set by our elected representatives—the Congress and the President. The function of the generals and admirals is to carry out assigned policy—not to form it according to their own views. If a member of the Joint Staff or any high officer comes to a military judgment that bears on national policy, he should make this known to the President and to the appropriate committee of Congress. If he feels that the nation's welfare demands that he publicly urge his views on national policy, he should do so—but only after resigning his post so that he can speak as an interested if extraordinarily well-informed citizen, rather than as a top officer of the United States armed forces. This is precisely the course followed by several general officers during President Eisenhower's term in office, and I think the course they followed was the correct one.

Cases like that of General Walker should be judged in terms of our national tradition in these matters. In any country, I suppose, the military customarily has more inclination to right-wing politics than to any views I would care to support. I hope, though, that I would feel the same way if the shoe were on the other foot. Civilian control of the armed forces is a cherished heritage in our country, and the history of our times surely demonstrates how essential this policy is for stable and constitutional government. No one, liberal or conservative, should be willing to see that tradition imperiled.

JAMES O'GARA.

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The Economics of Racism

To be equal, the Negro requires something much more profound than a way into American society

by MICHAEL HARRINGTON

IF ALL the discriminatory laws in the United States were immediately repealed, race would still remain one of the most pressing moral and political problems in the nation.

Negroes in this country are not simply the victims of a series of iniquitous statutes. The American economy, the American society, the American unconscious, are all racist. If suddenly all the laws were framed to provide equal opportunity, a majority of the Negroes would not be able to take full advantage of the change. There would still be the vast, silent and automatic system directed against men and women of color. For to belong to a racial minority is to be poor, and poor in a special way. It is to live within a vicious circle of poverty which has been institutionalized for well over a century. Legislation which segregates buses or lunch counters is only a part of this process.

Some optimistic people do not understand how deeply racism is established in American life. Given time, they argue, these people will rise in the society like the Irish, the Jews, the Italians and all the rest. But this notion misses two decisive facts: that the Negro is colored, and no other group in the United States has ever really faced this problem; that the Negro of today is an internal migrant who will face racism wherever he moves, who cannot leave his oppression behind like a Czar or a potato famine. To be equal, the Negro requires something much more profound than a way "into" the society; he needs a transformation of some of the basic institutions of the society.

Perhaps the simplest way to point up the racism of the American economy is to recall a strange case of jubilation. Late in 1960, the Department of Labor issued a study, "The Economic Situation of Negroes in the United States." It noted that in 1939, non-white workers earned, on the average, forty-one per cent as much as whites; and that by 1958, their wages had climbed to fifty-eight per cent of those of whites. Not a little elation greeted this announcement, with some editorialists citing these statistics as indicating that slow and steady progress was being made. (At this rate, the Negro would reach parity with the white some time well past the year 2000.)

To begin with, the figures were somewhat more optimistic than the reality. Part of the Negro gain reflected the shift of rural Negroes to cities, and Southern Negroes to the North. In these cases, the people involved increased their income by going into a more prosperous section of the economy as a whole. But within each area—Northern city, Southern city, agriculture—their relative position remained the same: at the bottom. Part of the gain, then, was the result of economic geography rather than of the workings of the society. Then, taking a depression year (1939) as a base and comparing it to a year of recession (1958) also tended to exaggerate the advance, for Negroes in 1939 were particularly and peculiarly victimized.

ANOTHER important aspect of the problem was obscured by the sweeping comparison most editorialists made between the 1939 figures and those of 1958. Even the Department of Labor figures themselves indicate that the major gain was made during World War II (the increase from 1939 to 1947 was from 41.4 per cent for Negro males to 54.3 per cent). In the postwar period, the rate of advance slowed down by two-thirds. Moreover, most of the optimism was based upon figures for Negro men. When the women are included, and one takes a median family income from the Current Population Reports, Negroes rose from 51 per cent of white family income in 1947 to 57 per cent in 1952—and then declined back to the 1947 levels by 1959!

But even without these qualifications, the fact is stark enough: that the United States found cause for celebration in the fact that Negro workers had reached

Mr. Harrington, a regular contributor, writes on political and cultural questions for a number of American journals.

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58 per cent of the way to the wage level of white workers. And this situation is deeply imbedded in the very structure of the American economy.

For one thing, Negroes in the United States are concentrated in the worst jobs. A third continue to live in the rural South, most of them merely subsisting within an economy of poverty and a society of more or less open terror. The third who live in Southern cities, and the third who live in Northern cities, have bettered their position when compared to the share-cropper. But they are in the lowest paying jobs, the jobs hardest hit by recession, and they are in any case hired last and fired first.

Thus, according to the Department of Labor, in 1960 four per cent of Negro employees were "professional, technical and kindred workers" (compared to 11.3 per cent for the whites); 2.7 per cent were "managers, officials and proprietors" (compared to 14.6 per cent for the whites). At the economic and status top of the occupational structure, in short, there were 6.7 per cent of the Negroes—and 25.9 per cent of the whites. And this, in itself, represented considerable *gains* for the Negroes as compared to 1940.

Going down the occupational scale, the Negroes are primarily grouped in the lowest-paying, dirtiest jobs. In 1960, 20 per cent of the whites had high skill industrial jobs, while the Negro share of this classification was 9 per cent. Semi-skilled mass production workers and laborers constituted around 48 per cent of the Negro male population (and 25.3 per cent of the white males). When it comes to Negro women, one confronts a discriminated against minority within a minority. According to a New York State study, Negro female income as a percentage of white actually declined between 1949 and 1954 (and, in 1960, over a third of Negro women were still employed as domestics).

In part, this occupational structure of the Negro community in the United States is the inheritance of the past. It reflects what happens to a people who have been systematically oppressed and denied access to skill and opportunity. If this exhausted the problem, there would be a basis for optimism. One could assume that the Negro would leave behind the mess of pottage which the white American has bequeathed him, and move into the future at a much improved rate. But that is not the case. For the present position of the Negro in the economy has been institutionalized. Unless something basic is done, the situation will reproduce itself for years to come.

Take, as an example, the problem of automation. This has caused "structural" unemployment throughout the American work force, i.e., jobs have been destroyed and not just temporarily suspended. When this happens, the blow falls disproportionately upon the Negro. As the last significant group to enter the factory, the Negroes have low seniority (if they are lucky enough to be in union occupations), and they are laid off first. As one of the least skilled groups in the work force, they will have the hardest time getting another job. The "older" Negro (that is, above forty) will certainly never find another job as good, and he may well be condemned to job instability for the rest of his life.

ALL OF THIS is immediate and automatic. It is done without the intervention of a single racist; yet it is a profound part of racism in the United States. In the long run, however, automation will pose an even larger problem. The new structure of American industry is doing away with semi-skilled jobs and dividing the workers into polar groups: the highly skilled technicians; the unskilled sweepers and janitors, the low-paid workers of various service industries, the unemployed. At this particular point in time, the deficiency in skill and education which America has imposed upon the Negro becomes a special burden. It means, in some cases, wiping out the gains made by semi-skilled workers in mass production industries. Generally, it points toward the concentration of Negroes in even lower sectors of the economy.

Much of this is "automatic," that is, the consequence of an economic structure which has absorbed the consequences of racism and thereby hurts the Negro whether there is malice or not. However, there is another aspect of the situation which does involve conscious racism. In 1960, according to the report of Herbert Hill, Labor Secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, Negroes made up only 1.69 per cent of the total number of apprentices in the economy. (The exact figure offered by Hill has been disputed; the shocking fact which he describes is agreed upon by everyone.) In short, Negroes were being denied the possibility of changing their plight.

The main cause of this problem is the attitude of management, which fundamentally determines hiring policy. But in the case of apprenticeship programs, the labor movement and the Federal and state agencies involved also bear part of the responsibility. The exact assignment of blame has been a controversial subject recently, yet no one has really questioned the existence of a problem of tremendous magnitude and consequence.

Thus Negroes in the United States are concentrated in low paying jobs, in non-union jobs, in jobs without seniority. Where they are union members, they have low seniority. They suffer discrimination in both hiring and firing, and they tend to be grouped in occupations which are peculiarly vulnerable to unemployment (in the current recession, the Negro unemployment rate is

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over fourteen per cent, i.e., about twice that of whites). And they are now becoming the prime victims of the revolution in technology taking place in the United States.

These facts should make it possible to define the peculiar characteristics of Negro poverty, its special, miserable place in the general American culture of poverty. The Negro finds himself in this plight because of what has been done to him throughout American history: he has been systematically prepared for taking the lowest position within the economy. In this context, the past weighs upon the Negro present. But at the same time, the Negro arrives at this impasse at a particular time in American history; not, as was the case for the great immigrant waves, during a period of movement west, of growth and of expansion, but rather when growth rates are slackening, when automation is destroying the mechanism whereby a man could gradually work his way up the skill ladder even if he lacked education. In this context, the present weighs upon the Negro future. If the "automatic" trends are left to themselves, American industry will continue to produce racism as a basic commodity.

IT WOULD, however, be a mistake to reduce the plight of the Negro to a consequence of the workings of unconscious economic laws. The attitudes and prejudices of American society reinforce the tendency to keep the Negro at the bottom of the occupational structure. And the fact that the Negroes have the worst jobs, the lowest incomes, the most miserable neighborhoods, in turn reinforces racist attitudes. It confirms all of the stereotypes: that Negroes are lazy, inefficient, stupid, and so forth. Not only are these people held down, a majority of them at levels well below any standard of decency, they are then reviled for being where society put them.

Perhaps the easiest way to pinpoint the effect of a non-automatic and conscious racism is to see what happens when a Negro does get an education and begins to move up within the economy. North, South, East and West, the pattern is the same: Negroes are paid less than whites with the same educational background; and the more educated a Negro, the more he is discriminated against in this regard. Herman Miller, one of the best known authorities on income statistics, has computed that the white Southern college graduate receives 1.85 times the compensation of his Negro counterpart; and in the North, the white edge is 1.59. This kind of situation is the result of something more than automatic laws of the market, for it demonstrates that the Negro is paid less even when he has the skill, and that this aspect of discrimination increases as he becomes more educated.

Indeed, the office is one of the main problem areas in the system of discrimination. Office work is regarded as more personal, more social, than the factory. To at least some of the people involved, integrated working verges on the integration of the neighborhood or the home, and it is resisted mightily. The result is that Negroes are cut off from advancement into the better paying, higher-status jobs by a wall of management and white-collar prejudice. (In 1960, almost a third of white women were in the office; the figure for Negro women was 8.9 per cent.)

This social isolation finds its classic expression, of course, in the ghetto. As a result of the segregation of neighborhoods, it is possible for a city like New York to have a public policy in favor of integration, and yet to maintain a system of effective segregation. In the mid-fifties, for example, the New York public school system took a look at itself, dividing the schools into Group X, with a high concentration of Negroes or Puerto Ricans, and Group Y, where the Negro and Puerto Rican population was less than ten per cent of the study body. They found that the X schools which Negroes attended were older and less adequate, had more probationary and substitute teachers, more classes for retarded children and fewer for bright pupils. This situation had developed within the framework of a public, legal commitment to integrated education (some steps have been taken to remedy this situation, but it is still basically the same).

BUT THE OTHER groups in the United States lived in ghettoes when they first came. Isn't this simply a repetition of the pattern which obtained for the Irish, Jews, Italians and the others? The enormous difference here is one of visibility. The talented and adventurous white immigrant could establish a store outside of the ghetto, could find a better job outside of the ghetto, eventually could rise in a profession outside of the ghetto and then move. But the Negro takes the sign of the ghetto with him wherever he goes: like the Jew under Nazism wearing a Star of David, he is always identifiable, he will always excite what prejudice there is.

This becomes more of a problem the higher up in the economy one moves. The bright son of an immigrant family who got an education could begin to move in the society at large. He could be an Irish lawyer or a Jewish doctor and have white, Anglo-Saxon, Protestant clients and patients. But, outside of government service and a few other areas, the Negro professional is confined to the Negro world. Even when there is success, racism limits it.

All of this has had a profound effect upon the Negro psychology. Some theorists believe that Negroes have a lower level of aspiration, of ambition, than whites because of their position in the economy and the society. But in a study of the New York State Commission Against Discrimination, an even more serious situation was described: one in which Negro children

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had more aspiration than whites from the same income level—but less of a chance to fulfill their ambition.

In this study, Aaron Antonovsky and Melvin Lerner described the result as a "pathological condition . . . in our society." The Negro child, coming from a family in which the father occupied a miserable position in the occupational structure, was forced to reject the parents, and to put forth new and different goals for himself. At the same time as the level of aspiration was thus higher than that of white children (who would feel the bitterness of their material poverty less, since it was not mixed with the degradation of racism), their ambitions were much more unrealistic, for they continued to live in essentially the same world as their parents.

In a sense, there is a symmetry in the social impact of racism in the United States. White America keeps the Negro down, and then uses the fact that the Negro is on the bottom of the pile as an argument for keeping him there, as a definition of what the Negro "naturally" is. On the one hand, the Negro is enough of an American to participate in the cult of success and of advancement, believing that he should rise in the society like everyone else. On the other hand, the Negro is not enough of an American (because the whites will not let him be) to participate in the fact of success and advancement in proportion to his numbers. Prejudice and hatred from the whites join with impossible ambition and disillusion from many Negroes and together they create a psychology of racism, a society of racism, even when all the statutes say very nice things.

THIS WHOLE process of economic and social discrimination is a vicious circle (the concept of the vicious circle was originally put forward in this field by Gunnar Myrdal). In the last quarter of the nineteenth century, racist laws played an important part in establishing this pattern by effectively nullifying the emancipatory potential of the Civil War. Today, almost a century later, the laws are a small part of the problem, and the pattern has become institutionalized.

All of this can be expressed quite simply: that America has decreed a particular kind of poverty for its racial minorities, that it will not let them out. This impoverishment breeds an inability to take advantage of the opportunities of the society, even when they do open up. If this situation is to be changed, it will be the result of a massive shift in public policy. That is the only force strong enough to deal with this complex situation.

Once it is realized that the problem of the Negro is the problem of institutionalized poverty, then the fate of the Negro is inextricably mixed with the fate of the poor generally. If, for instance, the scandal of American housing were really challenged, that could have an enormous impact upon this whole problem. Miserable housing is probably the largest single problem of the poor generally, the force that creates and recreates poverty in generation after generation. Sharing this plight with all poor people, the Negro adds to it the indignity of the ghetto. If there were a public housing program which built the value of integration into its work, if it were decided that the ghetto was to be eradicated from the cities of America, it would mean more than decent housing for the Negro. It would mean a frontal assault on one of the prime mechanisms of racism in American society.

On the job, the situation is perhaps even more difficult. The Negro is the most injured victim of automation: the Negro "type" of job is being destroyed at a much faster rate than those in which white workers are concentrated. To deal with the whole problem is going to require an enormous governmental effort, one which will include funds for retraining, for a different type of educational system, and for some kind of planning of industrial growth and location.

In a sense, this technological crisis offers America a unique opportunity. For if the nation were to attack the problem as a whole, if it were to deal with structural unemployment, it could at the same time change the position of the Negro within the economy. Any serious program aimed at providing displaced workers with skill and opportunity will automatically help the Negro as a Negro, if it does not contain racist features. The authority to act against discrimination in government and government-related employment already exists. If it is coupled with a program to deal with the consequences of automation, the social gain would be enormous.

Yet, one wonders. Housing and automation are two of the most crucial and controversial problems of American society generally. As they became more and more obvious in the late fifties, resistance to the effort required to deal with them increased. The forces of conservativism prepared for a bitter fight. Politically, the Negro is a minority and consequently incapable of putting across these programs on his own. His fate, as so often happens in this nation of profound, "unofficial" racism, depends largely on what the white folks do.

If, as is quite possible, America refuses to deal with the social evils of structural unemployment and miserable housing, it will at the same time have refused to deal with the problem of race. There will be speeches on equality, there will be good Court decisions, and the United States will move toward a constitutional definition of itself as completely egalitarian. The Negro, from within his world of double poverty (almost as if there were a race-class condemned to be poor) will watch all this bitterly. There will be occasional celebrations —perhaps the next one will be called in twenty years when the Negro nears seventy per cent of the white wage level. But nothing basic will have changed.

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Two Cities of Germany

by GABRIEL GERSH

IT IS DIFFICULT to adjust to Hamburg's peacetime image, after an absence of over fifteen years. For anyone who lived here in 1945-1946, Hamburg is as Wolfgang Borchert described it, reeking with death and destruction, crawled over by the homeless and half-starved, the disease-ridden and apathetic, yet "more than factory chimneys and the hooting of traffic—more than gulls' laughter, trams screaming and the thunder of railways—it's more than ships' sirens, crashing cranes, curses and dance music—oh, it's infinitely more. It's our will to be. Not to be anywhere and anyhow, but to be here and only here between Alster stream and Elbe river . . . ."

Borchert died in 1947, the day before his play *Draussen vor der Tür* had its premiere. That play, with its theme of the returning soldier, has a reality today still more potent than any work in prose or poetry since written.

A year later the thaw had begun, the dying were dead and had been cleared away. The tall buildings grew out of the rubble, the personal struggle for survival sharpened. Now it needs a disciplined act of memory to recall the details of that suicide-haunted city, the stagnant canals, the gesturing ruins, the railway stations with their lost drifting thousands. Borchert enshrined it, with irony but with love too, and if you look for it today you can still find it.

No one, naturally, writes like that in Germany anymore, and it would be morbid, in the hectic, prosperous, materialistic society of the early sixties if they did so. How they do write is typified by novels such as Martin Walser's *Ehen in Philippsburg.*

Walser, six years younger than Borchert would have been, describes the life of a thriving, pushing industrial city with no less irony, with no less hatred of the debased values, the lost ideals, the loveless compromises that accompany people on their way "to the top." This is a community not dissimilar to John Braine's *Room at the Top,* with the young man finally, after sacrifices of intention and integrity, by way of infidelities and abortions, making good with the rich girl.

The difference in outlook between Borchert's Beckmann—a limping scarecrow, unwanted, "one of the many" whose wives deceived and then forgot them—and Walser's Hans Beumann—in love not with oblivion-filled waters of the Elbe, but with the gleaming promises of social acceptance and success—is the measure of a generation's progress.

HAMBURG in the spring and summer remains an interesting city. The center has been rebuilt, not perhaps excitingly like Berlin, but with a respectable north-German solidity. Boats cruise the Alster, an incredible number of red-and-black tugs and barges jostle off the shipping yards of the Elbe, and the satisfied magnates eat their caviar and shellfish in the private rooms of the fashionable clubs.

Insulated in one of these luxurious rooms it is possible to believe that once you reach a certain level there is no more tragedy, only surfeit and the consequences of over-indulgence. You can search out the old haunts and find them virtually unchanged, though some of them are no longer frequented by Allied soldiers and sailors.

There is the Hamburg of the Alster and the Rathaus, of the chic shopping districts, of the banks and shipping lines and the university—a bourgeois, successful Hamburg that takes its pleasure at the new glass-enclosed State Opera where ten different works, ranging from *Bohème to Tannhäuser,* are performed regularly, at the Kammerspiele, or at any one of the nine theaters, to say nothing of the four music halls which Hamburg boasts.

There is, also, the Hamburg of more popular imagination, the vast, half-destroyed port area, bearing on its back the gaudy, scintillating curve of the Reeperbahn. In between lies a no-man's land of rubble and canals, for although 200,000 of the 300,000 buildings destroyed in the war have been replaced, they have not been rebuilt here. Not five minutes' walk from the endless cabarets, the homosexual dance halls, the *Travesti* bars and the brothels, you can come across Beckmann's image in the waters of any desolate canal.

In St. Pauli the strippers strip, the women wrestlers cavort grotesquely in the mud, the sailors lurch. Away in the jazz cellars of the city, the eligible young dance in a catacomb decor, smoke thick over smooth, blond heads, while the Mercedes and Opels and Borgwards line the streets till dawn.

Mr. Gersh, a previous contributor to The Commonweal, recently returned from an extended stay in Europe.

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These are two wildly different worlds, the world of the Kunsthalle, where a fabulous Chagall exhibition draws vast crowds daily and the winking neon-world of St. Pauli, where every third man thrusts a printed invitation to a sex-film at you. But between them there remains, like a kind of memorial, that flattened waste —something the imagination has not yet surmounted, and perhaps never will surmount.

"WE ARE becoming a race of translators," Hamburg's leading publisher said to me over lunch. "We no longer need to write our own books, it's all done for us." It was a generalization, laughingly and somewhat cynically made, but indeed most critics and editors whom I met later said virtually the same thing. It is a truth that a visit to any of Germany's antiseptic-looking and orderly bookshops will confirm.

There are bestsellers in Germany, but they are not German. The Beat Generation or the Angry Young Men have no German equivalent. The literary talk is of Dr. Zhivago and Lawrence Durrell (whose books are having an extraordinary critical and commercial success), of Sagan and Nabokov. One travels these days to discover similarities, not differences, and culturally Germany has the appearance of being the first European state without national identity. "Within a few days after a leading review which appears in a well-know American or English paper," I was told, "a German publisher will have cabled for an option."

Apart from sages like Ernst Junger, there has come to the fore no postwar German novelist of international significance. I mentioned the success of Hans Hellmut Kirst's *Zero Eight Fifteen,* in which Gunner Asch's knockabout activities on the Russian front carry on the healthy, uncomprehending tradition of Schweik, but although this was also a bestseller in Germany it was not regarded as literature.

"Perhaps it reads better in translation," I suggested. "Perhaps," the reply was, "but we in Germany make a generic distinction between serious and funny books. German novelists are only able to treat solemn matters solemnly; we have philosophy and the belly laugh, but scarcely a satirical tradition. We are only just beginning, after a long period of isolation, to evolve our own contemporary idiom. You can see the signs of it in such writers as Heinrich Boll, Heinz Hüber, Hans Scholz. But generally speaking Hemingway and Faulkner are still major influences on the young."

IN BERLIN I was made overwhelmingly conscious of what it must be like for a writer to have no cultural capital.

The only papers with claims to being read throughout West Germany are *Die Welt,* printed in Hamburg, and the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung.* The main publishing houses are in Frankfurt and Hamburg, the best pictures are probably in Munich, writers and painters have taken to living in the country, *Der Monat* (the German equivalent of *Encounter* and *Commentary*) is edited in Berlin, and so on.

With such diffusion of activity it is, not surprisingly, difficult to get any co-ordinated picture of what is going on. And, indeed, few Germans will commit themselves on the point, except insofar as to say that if art follows money and power, then it will be in such places as Dusseldorf, Frankfurt or Munich and not in Berlin that writers and artists may congregate.

Meanwhile, in all the arts a continuous digestive process has been at work, so that, although it is not yet possible to discern any particularly German style of painting or writing, or even to isolate key works of significance, the next few years may produce something of merit.

"It is in poetry, a poetry that has affinities with abstract painting, that the most serious experiment is going on, and the most interesting results are taking place." That was one view, and it was the most positively held.

"Berlin is a village," the taxi-driver said to me contemptuously one night as we drove out to Resi's, that vast dance hall where the colored fountains play and every table carries a telephone (for the making of assignations or the pure pleasure of anonymous conversation). "Nothing goes on here any more."

Of course, it does and it doesn't. Except it certainly isn't, in the mildest way, Dietrich's Berlin or even Isherwood's. The Lady Windermere, where Isherwood's Sally Bowles nightly rendered "Now I know why Mother, Told me to be true, She meant me for someone, Exactly like you" has been replaced, symbolically enough, by a vast, glass-gleaming department store. There is, it is true, a night life at varying levels, where most of the usual, and some unusual, things go on, but compared to half a dozen other German cities it is on the quiet side.

Yet, village or no village, politics or no politics, Berlin has excitement and an atmosphere. Walking down the Kurfurstendamm may not, visually, be quite the same thing as walking down the Champs Elysées, but on a sunny day it feels like it. In the Café Kranzler the infra-red radiators suspended over the terrace tables enable you to sit out in the sun at temperatures that elsewhere send drinkers hurrying up into a comfortable bar. At Scholler's bookshop, where the spare wall-space is crowded with photographs of writers and pasted-up extracts from reviews, you get that intoxicating whiff of anticipation which only Paris bookshops usually produce. And if in Hamburg you live to the song of sirens, here it is to the rhythm of pneumatic drills, not perhaps a soothing sound, but one that gradually exhilarates. For all around you, almost as you watch, buildings of glass and concrete,

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wedge-shaped honeycombs of light, soaring and alive, seem to grow farther into the sky.

In design, color and texture, these West Berlin stores, hotels, and blocks of apartment houses and cafes make the modern buildings of other European capitals seem drab and earthbound. The architects of the world, Gropius, Le Corbusier, Stubbins have built their show pieces here, so that Berlin is a kind of anthology of contemporary architecture, new and fresh as no other city is. "For how long?" Traditionally independent, dry-witted, fatalist Berliners, with their *Galgenhumor* and *Schnoddrigkeit,* seem not to bother about this question, in public anyway. Into the buildings of West Berlin have gone all their optimism, their faith, their feeling for the future. And this feeling cannot fail to be transmitted, by day and night, to anyone who goes there.

On the corner of Augsburgerstrasse, one may see a group of "Halbstarken" (halfstrong), the local equivalent of English Teddy boys, whom they resemble in appearance, but with leather jackets over their jeans. Perhaps, though, they are nearer in their uniforms to Brando's colleagues in "The Wild Ones." In Augsburgerstrasse, too, congregate the criminal element among the four hundred or so who daily make the one-way trip from the Eastern Sector. Though less of a self-conscious group than in the U.S., the *Halbstarken* have recently had the honor of having a few movies made about them.

IF LITERATURE can essentially be considered an act of protest, it is not to be expected that a work such as Marek Hlasko's "The Eighth Day of the Week" could ever be produced in the Federal Republic. Friedrich Lift, Germany's most trenchant theater and film critic, not long ago attributed the decline of the cabaret tradition to the increasing well-being of West Germans; there is a limit to the amount of satire that can be stimulated by the physiology of politicians and the comforts of the Welfare State. In fact, there are still successful and popular cabarets in most German cities. But to trained German ears it is perhaps neither quite lyrical nor quite brutal enough.

And the theater provides no native alternative. "Look Back in Anger," "The Entertainer," "Under Milk Wood," have all had successful productions. The acting of the classics is of a very high standard. But of a German postwar dramatist there is no sign whatever. You can go across to the East Sector to the opera and to see the Berliner Ensemble, in Brecht or several other outstanding plays. However, you cannot live on technique for ever. Nor indeed on Brecht.

With the present rate of exchange of nearly four East German marks for one West, you can take the S-Bahn from, say, the Zoo to Friedrichstrasse and buy certain books and certain records at about a third of Western prices. But practically nothing else, except culture, which you have to pay for, and propaganda, which you don't. The desolation and ruins of East Berlin, mile after mile of elephantine chancelleries down on their knees, seem pre-Roman. Traffic is non-existent, people nowhere to be seen. Red flags, hanging limply from what few buildings stand, appear merely to announce new projects. Red here ceases by repetition to be a color, let alone a manifesto of a political belief.

Lasting image of Berlin. *Der dicke Heinrich* on the Kurfurstendamm late at night. The movies closed, the cabarets emptying, the jazz clubs such as the Badewanne and the Eierschale letting out smoke and letting in the air, but here people drifting in on their way home, to eat, standing up, shashlik, or a grilled chicken or a plate of sizzling frankfurters. Even the Chinese restaurants, spreading as fast as in London and Paris, cannot compete.

PORTRAIT OF TWO WOMEN

What we need, what we really need, is a woman who would also be a saint.—Léon Bloy.

1.

Her side would heal, He said, when He put her
enkindled heart back. He was Lover not
surgeon. He told her it would hurt always,
and a terrible tenderness did keep her
awake. Her days and nights were stigmatized.
But she was free to die to serve that Heart.

In the kitchen garden, for instance, she,
Margaret Mary, kept an ass and foal
from trampling cabbages. Obedience
set all her ardent thoughts of Him at bay.
She knelt among young nut trees hidden in
the deepest mystery of His love, His death.

2.

It was likewise with Elizabeth
of Hungary. Having become Christ's bride
at baptism she kept one heart for Him
laboring with love for Louis and the poor;
a love too deep and ardent to appear
proper. Recall the rose-bread episode.

Remember the leper, and the gold scattered.
Tongues clattered, there was intrigue. From accounts
we read: "Between her death-bed and the wall
In that last seizure she heard one bird sing . . ."
So that she too sang softly to herself
Knowing this was her bridal-bed, her death.

SISTER AGNES, C.S.J.

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Catholics in a Plural Society

A RECENT ISSUE of the *Christian Democrat* (organ of the Catholic Social Guild in England, 125 Woodstock Road, Oxford,) carried portions of a pastoral letter issued by Cardinal Rugambwa and the Archbishops and Bishops on Tanganyika. The theme of the letter was the position of Catholics in a pluralistic society, and although the comments were specifically directed to the people of Tanganyika, they have a broader relevance. Substantial excerpts follow:

We would like to explain the principles regarding the duty of all Catholics, both as individuals and as members of organized groups, to collaborate with the State and with all its citizens in the realization of the aim of human society, the common good of all citizens.

The idea of a common good is complex. As we live in an imperfect world and share the blessings of God without being forced into one mold the common good becomes a delicate balance of rights and duties stemming from the very nature of man. The welfare of human society and of a particular country, i.e., this common good, largely depends on the widening of the basis of common agreement between individuals and varying groups, and their common pursuit of basic beneficial goals. . . . This co-operation is urged on us not only by our love of country but by our love of our neighbors and of God. . . .

There are principles of the natural law which can help us to solve the problems arising from the living together of different nationalities and races and tribes. . . . All men are created equal in the sight of God, not according to capacity, of course, but according to dignity. All are creatures of and children of God; all are rational and free, with the same origin, the same nature, the same supernatural destiny. The human race is one.

It is apparent from a reflection on these basic principles of the equality and dignity of man that the same human and civic rights must be guaranteed to each and every member of every nationality, race or tribe living in any country. All are equal as human beings and must be held equal before the law regardless of their ethnic origins. Discrimination against any nationality, race or tribe would be clearly contrary to the natural law. . . .

The natural law clearly endows groups, who follow a certain type of intellectual or spiritual tradition, with the right to continued existence in that tradition, whether they be in the majority or minority. They have a right to the acceptance and recognition of those values inherent in their traditions . . . so long as this is clearly not clearly inconsistent with the common good of society. . . .

Religion in general may be described as the natural belief in a superior being or power, which surpasses us in every way, and towards which we feel dependence and obligations. In this most basic description of religion we see the foundations for a real unity among most of the people on this earth, a unity consisting in the common belief in that Superior Being, Whom we call God.

Man is a creature endowed with free will and with intellect. With this power of reasoning man is able to know God as the creator and end of all things, and to build up a system of doctrine and conduct whereby he acknowledges God and his dependence on Him, and fulfils in some way his obligations to God. . . . The knowledge thereby acquired is in the same natural order as creation itself. The end result of this process is nothing else than natural religion.

We must, therefore, admit the existence of some truth in all religions, and we must venerate truth where we find it. . . . Yes, there is truth outside the Catholic Church as well. And truth, wherever it be found, can have come from only one source, from God.

We believe in one objectively true religion, the Catholic Faith. To make our position quite clear and to avoid misunderstanding, we again proclaim, and firmly, that we Catholics do not doubt the possibility, nor deny the fact of the sincerity of the majority of non-Catholics. . . . They are following their conscience. . . . Every human being is born with the indestructible right of following his conscience. This right will apply to every field, especially to the religious field. . . .

The State is a real power, ordained as such by God over human things. . . . In the State's task of fostering the common good, the Catholic has a real duty to cooperate and collaborate loyally.

It is moreover clear that in a pluralistic society Catholics can and should collaborate with all other citizens in the political and social field, with those also of other religions. And as the State has the role of supervising and integrating all activities in the social field,

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it has the right to organize also this collaboration, as long as it remains in the temporal order. On the other hand, however, the Church has the right and the duty of directing this collaboration on the part of her faithful, in such a way that no detriment arises in their religious life.

The State has as its primary duty the fostering of the common good of society. . . . The State must in a real way acknowledge God in its work, must recognize the belief of its citizens in God and an acceptance of the order of natural law. The State has the duty of fostering religion.

However, the State has no rights over the religious convictions of its citizens. It must guarantee freedom of religion. This guarantee implies several things: first, that the State cannot force any citizen to practice a religion and perform the acts of a cult repugnant to his conscience; secondly, in acquitting itself of its responsibilities toward the public, the State must do so in the best interests of all and with complete impartiality as regards beliefs and religions; finally that no public servant have any right to show himself biased in favor of his co-religionists in the carrying out of his duties; still less is he entitled to take advantage of his position as a servant of the public to favor unduly the organs of any particular religious persuasion. . . .

What actually should the State do for the Catholic Church specifically? Does our conviction that the Catholic Church is the one true Church lead us to demand special prerogatives from the State?

We firmly believe that the State will best help the Catholic Church by not forcing the conscience and the freedom of religion on the one hand, and by pursuing the common good on the other. This pursuit of the common good will in effect create the temporal milieu most favorable to the workings of God's grace. It will help to bring about those fundamental conditions of justice, order and peace which are necessary for men who are called to the divine life, to fulfil their destiny. It will bring about those conditions most favorable to a sincere, free, truly human search for the Truth. . . .

The Catholic citizen stands in the middle and looks two ways. As Catholic he looks to the Church as the general teacher and informer of faith and morals. As citizen he looks to the State, to the whole order of human life in its temporal aspect.

The action of the Church on him terminates at conscience, forming it to a sense of its Catholic duties in all their meaning for temporal life. The Catholic then as citizen in the full power of his rights, prolongs as it were this action of the Church into the temporal order, in all the matters in which Catholic doctrine and law have meaning for the life and law and government of society. The Catholic citizen, in his political and social action, follows the principles of natural law and the law of Christ, and so prepares a milieu congenial to God's supernatural grace.

It is clear therefore, that for the Church and for the individual Catholic, collaboration with the State and loyal performance of our temporal duties do not mean the exclusion of religious influence in public life, much less a compromise as to religious beliefs and practices. . . .

We Catholics must maintain that, being convinced of having the complete religious truth, we have the duty (and all of us do have this duty) of helping all others to share this truth and to live according to it. Obviously this requires us to live in close contact with the people around us. We can neither retire to an inner circle of Catholics living in isolation from the rest of the world, nor—which would be even more unChristlike—isolate ourselves in social islands. . . .

The illusion of comfort and security of a "ghetto-centered" existence is a sorry type of peace and not the dynamic love of neighbor which should take us to every place where we can serve. Only by living in the midst of our fellowmen, and showing practical interest in their welfare, can we hope each of us to become in some small measure the "salt of the earth," the "light of the world."

But how can we accomplish this? First, by respecting the freedom of conscience and the essential freedom of the act of faith; secondly, by loyally accepting and respecting everything that is good and true in other religions; and lastly, by using spiritual means to reach our spiritual goal. Politics, political instruments or political power are not means of religious proselytism. Nor are social action—education, medical facilities, social services, etc. . . .

The apostolate of the laity is a participation of the laity in the apostolate of the hierarchy of the Church. It is an apostolate in the strict sense. It has to do with the spiritual level, or with the temporal order in as much as it is directly touched by the spiritual. It is the apostolate of the layman in the very pastoral work of the Church itself, spreading the kingdom of God.

Besides this direct apostolate, we must be ever mindful of the value of the indirect apostolate which allows our fellowmen to live in their own religions in such a way as to enable them more and more to respond to the interior appeal of God's grace.

The social action of Catholics which prolongs the influence of the Church into the social and political field, is distinct from the direct apostolate of the laity. But although these two types of action by Catholics are distinct, they are not separate. There is an inseparable relation between them. Indeed the lay apostolate leads to social action and prepares one for it, because even on the temporal level our actions must proceed from Christian inspiration.

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Satire, Schmatire

by NAT HENTOFF

FOR THE PAST three years, it has appeared as if a radical change in comedy were taking place in night clubs and on recordings. The one-line, stand-up comic, with Borscht belt training and a file of comfortably predictable caricatures of his wife and children, was fading fast. According to the myth, the bold new wave consisted of stinging social satirists who were plunging hungrily into dissections of the delusions and evasions of us all. The hierarchy consisted of Mort Sahl, Elaine May and Mike Nichols, Shelley Berman, Lenny Bruce and, the latest, Bob Newhart.

In fact, however, comic Orson Bean is accurate in his plaint that "there is more talk about social commentary in current comedy than there is actual social commentary itself." In the same vein, writer-cartoonist Jules Feiffer asked rhetorically in the Chicago *Sun-Times* a few weeks ago: "Does it really make a difference that twenty years ago the laugh came when the comic said 'Brooklyn' or 'La Brea Tar Pits,' and today it comes when he says 'University of Chicago' or 'Kierkegaard?' Our society, even with all of its obvious freedom, is so rigidly structured today that it's easy for an artist to feel daring and nonconformist and still stand for nothing."

Satire without a moral center of gravity has nearly always been characteristic of the few "topical" comedians who have existed in American show business. "Don't tell me about Will Rogers," says Feiffer. "When I can view him on a glorified reprise of his career talking on a radio broadcast with President Hoover about the horrors of the depression and then comforting his audience with the news that Mr. Hoover was doing his best, I can only say that while I am a patsy for many fables, his is one that floats airily by without touching."

"Fred Allen," Mort Sahl adds, "would do topical jokes, but they were without a consistent point of view and were often without taste. Bob Hope also works in some political material, but his is the Lindy's attitude. It's like you're aware of Polaris and you're also aware Eddie married Liz, but that's all. You're aware of being aware but have no viewpoint on Polaris in the context of our foreign relations, defense policy, and the like."

Unfortunately, Mr. Sahl is not too far outside Hope's category. Some observers have termed Sahl a "nihilist," but there is small indication he has worked that hard toward formulating any particular point of view, including the thesis that no point of view is logically possible. Sahl is an occasionally successful skeet shooter at the more obvious absurdities of our political and social lives, but he rarely cuts below the surface of appearances. It is significant, for example, that Sahl has become considerably less effective now that the Republicans are out and he no longer has available the so easily puncturable target of Eisenhower. It requires a much more subtle sense of the absurd and of the amoral to wing the more sophisticated confidence men of the New Frontier. It requires, in fact, a radical dissatisfaction with the structure of society and a knowledge of its inner power ploys to fully comprehend the many openings for swift and sometimes savage humor that increasingly exists among us.

MR. SAHL, however, still goes for the easy, brittle laughs. ("I don't mind contributing to the tractors for Castro, but I want to know whom I'm getting in return.") Sahl, moreover, has an unwittingly funny, inflated view of himself, according to the New York *World-Telegram,* as "the only person in the country who can say what he wants. When people hear me, maybe they'll get the courage to break some rules, too." But what rules has the dauntless Mr. Sahl broken? Interestingly, three of "America's Ten Most Influential Young Men," as chosen recently by the Boys' Club of New York, are Van Cliburn, disc jockey Dick Clark—and Mr. Sahl. It's the kind of award young Richard Nixon was winning not too long ago.

To his credit, Sahl does occasionally make a pungently irreverent—if fragmentized—point. During a stay at Basin Street East in New York, he commented on a bill that had been recently signed by Governor Rockefeller (who should be a much larger and more satisfying object of topical wit than Eisenhower). The bill denied a driver's license to anyone who had taken the Fifth Amendment. Sahl pointed out cheerfully that now anyone riding in a chauffered car would be suspect.

Compared to Shelley Berman, Sahl is at least moderately viable and even a bit courageous. Berman,

Mr. Hentoff, a former editor of *Downbeat,* contributes regularly to this and other magazines.

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for one thing, is an actor rather than a comedian and he performs polished monologues, as Ruth Draper did. Except for occasionally poignant—and safe—reminiscences of Jewish family life, Berman goes no deeper than satires of airplane travel, a roundup of embarrassing moments, and an interminable set of variations on telephone conversations. (Both Berman and Nichols and May use the same bit of a harried man who has lost his last dime in calling information and has to plead his way through several plateaus of telephone company bureaucracy to win redemption—a searing moral tract of our time. And Berman introduces *his* version of this pilgrim's progress by calling it *Franz Kafka on the Telephone*. As Feiffer indicates, the laugh that greets the reference to "Kafka" is an echo of the one that "Brooklyn" automatically produced two decades ago.)

Bob Newhart, however, makes Berman look like a veritable Eugene Debs. Newhart, a former accountant, satirizes—but always within a wide margin of safety—public relations techniques, retiring employees, disgruntled submarine crews, driving school recruits, and similar festering wounds of our culture. Newhart plays it so cool that, according to Ralph Gleason of the San Francisco *Chronicle,* when Newhart and his troupe worked a series of California concerts, singer Barbara Dane was "asked not to sing *The Last Mile* in Sacramento because it was a song against capital punishment and the State capital, of all places, might have been sensitive to it. There was also, at the beginning of the tour, pressure for her not to use a Negro bass player in her accompanying group."

There is more bite and at least some element of outrage in the occasional political and social satire of The Premise company in New York and the Second City troupe in Chicago. Billed as improvisatory theatre, these companies perform a fair number of set routines but occasionally do work out their quick moral fables on the spot to be refined in the course of succeeding nights. I cannot comment on the Second City from enough direct experience, but the Premise's approach is about as diffuse as Mort Sahl's, although the players frequently have deeper and more trenchant insights than he. Their depiction of a bored soldier, the man who will have the ultimate responsibility of pressing *the* button—on orders—is simultaneously hilarious and terrifying. When the soldier closes his eyes, stabs his finger forward and starts playing Russian roulette with the nuclear holocaust, one is forced into a nightmarish realization of how impotent we are to save ourselves.

THE TEAM of Nichols and May contains in Elaine May the most skillfully acerbic social satirist of all her contemporaries—except for Lenny Bruce. She too, however, has no discernible point of view other than that everyone—and every institution—is indeed vulnerable. She and her partner have allowed techniques that once projected the illusion of spontaneity to calcify. It is encouraging, therefore, that they have decided to abandon the revue approach to humor (a program of swiftly paced sketches), and are taking the summer off to write a play.

In one number, a Pirandello-like exercise in American family life, they have already indicated a brilliant capacity to penetrate into the marrow of frustrations and short-circuited emotions that corrode most marriages and begin to twist the children of these unions as soon as they can hear. The sketch begins to gather momentum as a brother and sister imitate their parents. As they parrot the epithets they've heard their parents exchange, the boy and girl *become* the parents and are hurled into a bitter, slashingly destructive argument. Suddenly the parents become Nichols and May, who seem to be arguing with each other violently in "real life." When Nichols wrenches his partner's arm viciously, the audience is panicked, no longer sure of what is real and what isn't. This is precisely Pirandello's point and one that can be the basis for the kind of organically cleansing comedy that hardly exists at all among the "new" comics.

It is in Lenny Bruce—and only in him—that there has emerged a cohesively "new" comedy of nakedly honest moral rage at the deceptions all down the line in our society. Bruce thinks of himself as an ethical relativist and shares Pirandello's preoccupation with the elusiveness of any absolute, including absolute truth. But Bruce also insists on looking behind the careful façades we all create. His comedy ranges through religion-in-practice (what *would* happen if Christ and Moses appeared one Sunday at Saint Patrick's?); the ultimate limitations of the white liberal; the night life of the hooker and her view of the day; and his own often scarifying attempts to make sense of *his* life in a society where the quicksand may lie just underneath the sign that says: *Take Shelter When The Civilian Defense Alarm Sounds.*

Bruce, however, does not turn a night club into Savanarola's church. More than any others of the "new wave," Bruce is a thoroughly experienced *performer,* and his relentless challenges to his audiences and to himself are intertwined with explosive pantomime, hilarious "bits," and an evocative spray of Yiddishisms, Negro and show business argot, and his own operational semantics. Coursing through everything he does, however, is a serious search for values that are more than security blankets. In discussing the film *The Esther Costello Story,* Bruce tells of the climactic rape scene: "It's obvious the girl has been violated. . . . She's been deaf and dumb throughout the whole picture. . . . All of a sudden she can hear again . . . and she can see again. So what's the moral?"

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THE SCREEN

HIS BROTHERS' KEEPER

WHILE AMERICAN movie makers continue to turn out one ordinary film after another, the Europeans continue to send us startling pictures that steal all the thunder. Hard on the heels of such attention-getting imports as "Tunes of Glory," "The Bridge," "L'Avventura," "Two Women," "Ashes and Diamonds," and "La Dolce Vita" comes "Rocco and His Brothers." Although this import from Italy is excessively long and has its full share of violence and frankness about sex that may scare away some American audiences, the picture also has great vitality and a happy mixture of sentiment and realism that will attract movie goers who like to be made to think with their entertainment. Furthermore, director Luchino Visconti, who knows how to make a movie move, uses his camera expertly in "Rocco," and even when some of the incidents seem repetitive, the cinematic effects are so interesting that the film never drags.

Its screenplay, written by Visconti and five other writers from *The Bridge of Ghisolfa* by Giovanni Testori, concerns the disrupting and corrupting influence that a big city has on a closely-knit family who move from southern Italy to Milan. Poverty is only part of their problem, but a part that is accentuated by the possessive, widowed mother who is intent on keeping her five sons together, no matter what sacrifice this togetherness entails. Although all five of the brothers were raised and held by the tie of family love, it is mainly Rocco—good, kind, forgiving, sacrificing Rocco—who suffers most when the elder brother goes berserk and the family falls apart. This elder brother, Simone, is the one most contaminated by the evil around him in the big city. Anxious to make some money, he becomes a prize fighter; then, after he falls in love with Nadia, a prostitute who becomes his mistress, he turns to stealing and goes to the dogs. The woman leaves him in disgust, is thrown into jail, and is released just when Rocco is finishing his military service; but the good, almost saintly Rocco succeeds in changing Nadia, and they fall in love. Older brother Simone, demoralized and with pride hurt because Rocco is now a better prize fighter and more successful with his former mistress, allows his malicious companions to prod him on. He seduces Nadia by force while Rocco is made to watch. Even though he is beaten up by the enraged Simone, Rocco still loves his brother and makes the dreadful mistake of persuading Nadia to return to the degraded Simone.

Needless to say, this is not a pretty picture, but the most amazing thing about it is its warmth. Director Visconti doesn't ask us to judge these people. Through his magnificent direction, he leads us to know and understand them, as well as other people who come from the country to the city to better their lives. His large cast is first-rate, and it is difficult to single out all the good actors: Alain Delon as the gentle Rocco whose altruism almost seems to have a touch of masochism, Renato Salvatori as the wild-tempered Simone whose downfall is painful to watch, and the three young men who play the other brothers, all of different personality but all family-devoted. As the mother, the dominating force in the family, Katina Paxinou is splendid—certainly not likable for her superstition and possessiveness, but understandable, and one wishes that some of the qualities of her favorite St. Roch (Rocco in Italy) would rub off on her. Equally outstanding is Annie Girardot as Nadia, the woman of the streets, who leads Simone astray but could have been saved by Rocco if only his love for her had been as great as his love for Simone and family. The scene in which Rocco persuades Nadia to return to Simone, photographed on the roof of the Milan Cathedral, is a thing of great visual beauty—as is much of "Rocco and His Brothers." Guiseppe Rotunno's photography throughout the film is memorable; even the grim scenes have a startling beauty. Because of this beauty, "Rocco," in spite of its heart-breaking story, is almost rococo. The finale, with the family's hope in the youngest brother, and with Rocco now committed to prize fighting which he hates, and with another brother going into a drab, whistle-blowing factory with hundreds of workers all clad alike in overalls, is a pretty depressing affair. But the film as a whole is richly rewarding and one that absorbs the viewer from beginning to end.

PERHAPS it isn't fair to compare a mediocre American film with a top-notch Italian entry, but the themes of "Rocco and His Brothers" and "By Love Possessed" have much in common. Both movies are concerned with love and with devotion to the family or class unit. The main trouble with "By Love Possessed" is that it shouldn't have been made at all. James Gould Cozzens' complicated book wasn't movie material in the first place, and the script written from it by John Dennis made so many changes in characters and situations that Cozzens probably wouldn't recognize more than his title. Furthermore, although these changes were no doubt necessary and perhaps even permissible, the script as it now stands is so unimaginative and uncinematic that the picture is incredibly dull. Much of this is the fault of director John Sturges, who uses a choppy episodic style and portrays his characters in the first half of the film not as people but as actors spouting

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exposition. By the time we get a little action in the last part, we have lost interest and don't really care what these talky, mixed-up characters do in the rest of their soap opera.

Walter Mirisch gave his film a handsome production in color, and his cast is well chosen. Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., is right as the cold, "untouched" Arthur Winner; and Barbara Bel Geddes is quite moving as his wife. In this version, George Hamilton, as the young man who gets in trouble with the tart (Yvonne Craig) is their son; and he is properly petulant as the boy who needs a father's guidance but is getting only legal opinions. Lana Turner, turned out in lovely gowns, looks fine as Marjorie Penrose who drinks too much because her impotent husband (Jason Robards, Jr.) won't give her a divorce. While this story seems to have material on which a movie could be based, the film itself is so superficial that it wastes not only the story but also the good cast. Perhaps the whole project was ill-fated and was by Hollywood possessed. PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

THE STAGE

MUSIC FOR A WHILE

THE ASSUMPTION, wholly gratuitous, that I have regained a sufficient composure after the phenomenon of "Do Re Mi"—which entertainment, happy intelligence assures us, is presently to be offered to London by a gentleman named Mr. Binky Beaumont—leads me again to assay the season's musical pleasures: a *congeries* this year, and curiously, of those touchstones of bridal fortune—the old and the new, the something borrowed and (though hardly in its pristine sense) the "blue."

Nothing in the American musical theater wears its age with more security of spirit than the Kern-Hammerstein "Show Boat," that fecund cavalcade of every sumptuously native sentiment, sorrow, sweetmeat: rapture by the river and a gambler's dash; racial cruelty; domestic nobility, *lacrimae rerum* and invidious time; hooch-dancers and show biz; the Charleston; convent bells; the sunset of love; always the river: all of it seems touched by an indestructible national lyricism, no less profound for being unconscious, and only a very cold turnip indeed, as Mr. Harold Clurman observed in his notice, could fail to bring to it some measure of response. Miss Jean Dalrymple's recent revival at City Center was incontestably a triumph, beside which even the efficient "South Pacific" must seem an evangelical and somewhat over-ripe slice of papaya, and "Porgy and Bess"—well, surely one of the consolations of maturity is that one need not ever again take that midnight boat leaving for, or from, Catfish Row.

Miss Tammy Grimes is incomparably the tradition of the new in "The Unsinkable Molly Brown" *(at the Winter Garden),* Mr. Meredith Willson's amiable gallimaufry of American folklore. Her farouche elegance and swooping arcs of dottiness—she is much in Miss Beatrice Lillie's line here—announce the magnetic singularity of the pure "kook": that creature to whom contemporary manners have given such a vogue of honor. Withal, she is a woman of magisterial, if oddly alarming, beauty, and she dominates any sounding orchestral brass with a superbly vigilant no-nonsense-down-there-but-of-course-I'm-always-a-lady-my-dear-you-know authority. "The Unsinkable Molly Brown" has not the bucolic unity of tone of Mr. Willson's earlier "The Music Man," but it records its collisions of international manners with a kind of racy insolence, and its Edwardian conceits of dress and decor are touched with a gay and opulent *bizarrerie* as subtly rare in the scenic overstatement of our musical theater, as is Miss Grimes in the ranks of its vulgarly assertive players.

In th' olde dayes of the Kyng Arthour Chaucer's Wife of Bath begins, *of which that Britons speken grete honour / al was this land fulfilld of fayerye.* No one has quite "speken grete honour" of "Camelot" *(at the Majestic),* that borrowing by the Messrs. Lerner and Loewe from Mr. T. H. White's *The Once and Future King,* yet did not so vicious an envy and futile ideology of *success* contaminate the whole realm of theatrical enterprise, it would be taken for its worth: not as the successor to *"My Fair Lady"*—for there are no successors in art, and nothing, indeed, was ever so absolute as popular myth and propaganda would make "My Fair Lady," certainly not "My Fair Lady"—but as a work with its own failures and loveliness.

Surely the opening passage is touched with the latter: a little paradise of first impulses, vernal and virginal, and exquisitely analogous to the high fantasy and inward innocence of the White chronicles. But from there, the decline *is* precipitous, as smirking Shubert Alley baggages prance about in wimple and cowl, and hortatory romanticism is solemnly invoked, and scenic expensiveness ostentatiously displayed, and the whole assumes finally something of the dubious aspect of an early medieval Western. What has this to do with that dreamy season of mists, drifting through time about the idylls of a land *al . . . fulfilld of fayerye?* Yet ironically, "Camelot" rises to something beyond pleasure—to grandeur even—in the playing of Mr. Richard Burton, whose Welsh rhetoric, ardor, romanticism and presence bring to the last moments a poignant fatality and intimacy of grief which once seen, once heard, I should not wish ever to forget.

I have always thought "Pal Joey" to suffer equally

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from its status as a musical legend, and from the attentions of its friends: too many of the wrong people have liked it for too many of the wrong reasons. Miss Dalrymple's impeccable production at the finale of her City Center season has relieved me of the first prejudice, and modified me in the second: *my* reasons, of course, are the *right* ones! "Pal Joey" is admirable not for its "blue" innuendo—amusing enough, if you like, but cheapjack clever—and most of which a lady of the quality of Miss Carol Bruce (here in a performance of studied perfection: sumptuously feminine, elegant of carriage, wearing clothes as one almost never sees them worn on our stage) should not have been asked to deliver. Nor is it so remarkable for its sexual cynicism, which is really only an inverted sentimentality, and just as schematic as any other Broadway convention of feeling. Rather, what distinguishes it is fecundity of talent and spontaneous zest: in melodic invention, in social comment, in the suddent wild irruption of fancy—in *delight* simply, joy in the thing done. What a joke creations such as "Pal Joey" and "Show Boat" are on the hard-punching, hard-breathing merchants of commodity, so busy and so grubby in the counting-house. These have survived—and made money—for over a quarter of a century; "Wildcat" & Co. are already flatulent statistics in the Bureau of Internal Revenue.

That the difference is clear to the sulky, sated audiences one may see about at any event in the Broadway musical theater, however, who could say? Hardly had the first-act curtain of "Camelot" fallen on its drapery-shop of gold lamé, when a large boor in front of me thrust himself across several smaller boors and barked aggressively: "Ethel! Ethel! Are you enjoying it?"

Ethel paused, visibly consulting her e.q. (Enjoyment Quotient.) A speculative meditation was her posture.

"Yes," she concluded pensively, "I'm enjoying it." Qualification colored her tone. "I'm *enjoying* it," she resumed—and here with the air of imminent discovery —"but I'm not carried *away*: no, not carried *away!*"

And so we leave Ethel, poised ever, and vainly, waiting the raptus and arrowing ecstasy of Dionysiac transport.

RICHARD HAYES.

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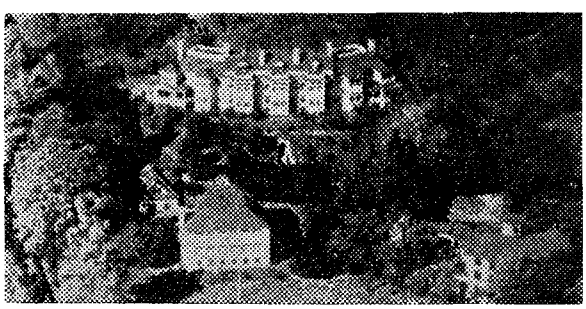

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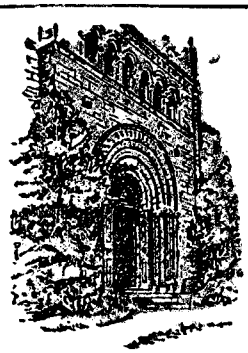

Prospective students should make early application

THE POET

The man stood there like a mime in a catatonic weld.
It was a dream-place, granted, strewn with eyes of
flowers, vines plundered,
The gaping throats of hares and foxes sundered—
He had run amuck because he would not yield.

So it had happened. He had toyed with the real too
long—
He had made it almost livable, four walls
Of ripening vines, flowers, racing animals:
It was time to give his lessons in an unknown tongue.

A babbling old man at the end of town said: bird.
A child repeated: rose, rose, rose.
Then school was out. He could doze
Forever in the doorway. You may have heard

He did not. I do not know just when
The dream itself seethed back on him.
Lacking devils, there were seraphim
To make this show of violence among man.

CHARLES EDWARD EATON.

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The Psychology of Revenge

THE HOUSE ON COLISEUM STREET. By Shirley Ann Grau. Knopf. $3.50.

By CATHARINE HUGHES

THERE is always a great temptation to jump on bandwagons. They are pleasant and comfortable; well-protected and ever so safe. And, when they are of the literary variety, with its remarkable here today-gone tomorrow quality, the temptation is perhaps even greater. Given the State of the American Novel—which, theoretically, is roughly akin to the State of the American Theatre, hence in rather bad shape—there is a natural desire to "discover" the rising young talent, the Faulkner or the Hemingway of tomorrow. Thus, in the headlong pursuit of adjectives, the not altogether original critical canon seems to decree that the first novel will be "promising"—of what, one is never quite sure—and the second "disappointing."

It would, of course, be interesting to speculate on just what this reception has done to some of the novelists themselves; whether the original, frequently ill-advised and undeserved kudos had indeed affected the writer in question; whether, foresaking that first burst of over-stimulated enthusiasm, the reviewer might not have better served both the writer and the reader with a more carefully considered, if less ecstatic, appraisal. Instead, the care and the fine tooth comb are reserved for the second, with the result that a frequently superior novel receives a decidedly inferior rating.

Shirley Ann Grau's *The Hard Blue Sky,* as well as her collection of stories, *The Black Prince,* fared quite well with the critics. While some of the praise was perhaps more anticipatory than reasoned, there was no denying the fact that she is a writer of unquestioned perception; the possessor of a literary skill to be reckoned with. Her new novel, while certainly not without its flaws, confirms rather than repudiates at least some of the original enthusiasm.

The house on Coliseum Street is, in many ways, a haunted house; haunted by the spectre of its bygone glory, by the absence of either understanding or the desire to give it. It is a house in which tradition, in many forms, plays a large role: the fountain erected by Joan Mitchell's dead father—just what is its symbolism, what its reason for remaining, the sole reminder of the first of Aurelie Norton's five husbands?—a certain glorying in the past, in the tradition of the sorority of which Aurelie was a founding member, and from which Joan is asked to resign. But, above all, it is a tradition of Southern respectability, of Southern decadence. A respectability which, flouted by night, must at all costs be maintained by day. It is a "respectability" within which Joan Mitchell is at once alien and docile.

"It was over then and done with," Joan reflects after an abortion which has taken from her the child of Michael Kern. And, seemingly, everything has been carefully taken care of. The momentary indiscretion denied and effectively masked; the fleeting moments forgotten in the return to New Orleans, the submersion in the scholastic life, the resumption of her relationship, not with Michael, but with Fred Aleman.

There is, of course, one miscalculation. In the weeks which have elapsed, Joan herself has changed. Never the social mixer, the sports enthusiast, that her sister Doris is, she has become even more of an introvert—an introversion carried now to the point of an obsession. Or, rather, almost a dual obsession. Jealousy of Michael's new affair on the one hand, an after-the-fact concern for the child that might have been on the other, soon couple in a shadowy existence. Her life becomes one of following Michael about the campus on his dates, pursuing the couple to his apartment and, eventually in sending a threatening letter to the girl, warning that her parents will be notified if their relationship is not ended. And, in the back of her mind, the child: "There wasn't anything left of the child either," she reflects, "that had lived in the world and walked about and nobody had seen it and nobody knew it was there, listening. Ghost child." Thus, destroyed and destroying, Joan must have her vengeance on both herself and on Michael, though it is only the latter she is conscious of.

The House on Coliseum Street, though it suffers from what is essentially a somewhat contrived plot—and might, more realistically, have been a short story or novella—manages to some degree to surmount this weakness in the successful exploration of the heart and mind of a young woman who, when caught up in a dilemma of her own making, becomes sufficiently obsessed by it to become an object lesson in the psychology of revenge. Miss Grau follows her with a care which, especially in the concluding pages, assumes an almost haunting intensity.

A Critical Reassessment

FRANCIS THOMPSON. By Paul van K. Thomson. Nelson. $5.

By ANNE FREMANTLE

FRANCIS Joseph Thompson (1859-1907) was, in his lifetime, underestimated as a person—those who did not despise him for his poverty, for his dependence, emotionally and financial, on the Wilfred Meynells, and for his addiction to drugs, were bored by him—and over-estimated as a poet. He was lifted up to the highest pantheon, with Keats and Crashaw. Now, seeing him in perspective, he appears more in the John Clare class, or perhaps, as a minor Gray, with one or two absolutely first-class

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poems to his credit—"The Hound of Heaven," of course, and "The Kingdom of God," and some of the Sister Songs, Mr. Thomson, associate professor of English at Providence College, has written a competent life of Francis Thompson, based on the Thompson-Patmore collection of manuscripts and notebooks in the library of Boston College.

He emphasizes the drug-addiction perhaps too much, opening with a comparison of Thompson with De Quincy, who died the year Francis Thompson was born. Yet Dr. Thomson does not prove that the "addiction" was worse than, say, that of a compulsive smoker, and, in view of Francis Thompson's long periods of ill-health, culminating in his early death, the addiction seems, to say the least, understandable. And the extent of the poet's compulsion is indicated by the chemist in Charing Cross knowing him only as "an occasional customer."

Dr. Thomson is very reticent about the "girl whose room was so often Francis Thompson's shelter," the girl who "urged him to leave her and enter the world that Meynell had opened up for him." She seems to have been as utterly self-sacrificing as that equally nameless woman who shared St. Augustine's life for seventeen years. Francis Thompson's obituary of her (she finally left him in order "to force him towards a new life") was that "the gates of Hell have shut her in alive."

That Francis Thompson could use his knowledge of the life of the London streets is well shown in his review of William Booth's *In Darkest London and the Way Out* published in 1890. Thompson saw laisser-faire as "the modern counterpart of Spenser's Blatant Beast, a monster that is never satisfied. Against the uncontrolled spirit of individualism underlying it, he reaffirmed the social concept of human brotherhood." And though Thompson met Cardinal Manning only once, he recognized in him a spirit as concerned as was his own with the conditions of life and labor in London, and in his "To the dead Cardinal of Westminster" he saluted that concern and that commitment.

Dr. Thomson's book is valuable as a painstaking and scholarly work, and he is able to show many of the facets of Thompson's character that seemed contraries but that still made up a consistent character. He describes Thompson's temptations against hope, his periods of deep melancholy, as well as his "inward merriment" that made him so popular with the Meynell children—he loved to take them skating, for example, on the Round Pond—that no "bitter thing could embitter or perturb."

But he also shows how Thompson, described as "the epic poet of modern Catholicity," yet was a poet first of all when he wrote poetry, that he did not write it "as a means for preaching the Gospel, but because of an inner personal necessity." The "implacable sweet daemon" which drove him to write, taught him, it is true "how the crucifix may be/carven from the laurel tree" yet also made him aware that "the smallest quantity of religion, like a single drop of malt liquor in claret, will muddy and discompose the brightest poetical genius." This book comports a splendid bibliography, admirable notes and a good index—such rare treasures! But, alas, the style of Francis Thompson's synonomously named biographer is pedestrian: to quote George Eliot it "smells of the lamp." There is no felicity in it, and one feels, once again, that it really takes a poet to write about a poet.

A True Fake

HEMINGWAY: A PICTORIAL BIOGRAPHY. By Leo Lania. Viking. $5.95.

By ROBERT F. LUCID

TO APPRECIATE the effort which went into making *Hemingway, a Pictorial Biography* attractive, one should hold it in the hand. The dust-jacket is a glossy, with an inset of Hemingway placed amid a handsome jumble of his collected works; the binding is a rich, subdued tweed fabric; the house is highly respectable and the price-tag is such ($5.95) as to drive away the undeserving. The fact, finally, that although it is a picture-book it scorns to await the Christmas rush of sight-buying, and offers itself on its own merits as a fine combination of the biographer's, photographer's and book-maker's art, ought to disarm the wariest acquisition librarian and promote the volume to the profit of all concerned with bringing it forth. This is as unfortunate as it is true, because the book is a cheap fake.

The cynical nature of the composition may not be immediately apparent—one must read it to see how unbelievably bad it is—but the cheapness might be suggested to the attentive browser by just scanning the pictures. A great many of the pictures of Hemingway are overfamiliar, the selection is unimaginative and repetitious (on one page there are three pictures of Hemingway, in series, showing him put a record on a phonograph), almost half of the pictures don't even have Hemingway in them, and a great deal of space is given to publicity shots (Tyrone Power, Gregory Peck) of movies made from Hemingway's work. Though one suspects that a good New York agency could do as well on a few days' notice, to a Hemingway admirer it still has an interest—and, besides, there is an accompanying text of about twenty-thousand words. Such a piece could constitute a major biographical effort, but in fact it is in this area that the book's fakery becomes clear.

Although the title page says nothing but "by Leo Lania," what evidently happened is that the book was written—by Lania, presumably—in German, was then translated into British English for a British edition (this is not expressed anywhere; I'm just inferring from the use of British spelling, the fact that money is denominated in pounds sterling, and similar internal evidence), and finally was picked up by Viking for American publication. Beneath its impressive veneer the final product turns out to be a tenth-rate import, written by a shockingly uninformed man whose use of American biographical sources is al-

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ways firmly within the bounds of bad taste and sometimes veers perilously close to something worse than that.

One of the great howlers of Hemingway criticism occurred in the otherwise excellent *Ernest Hemingway* (1952), by Philip Young. In discussing the story "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber" he confused Hemingway's use of point-of-view and asserted that the hero twice ran in fear from a lion. Actually it only happens once, but it is recalled in the story a second time through flashback. Young's mistake is highly celebrated and is the one error that no Hemingway biographer would ever be likely to repeat. Lania not only repeats the error, detail for detail, but mistakenly calls the story *The Macomber Affair*—which was the title of an unfortunate movie made from "the plot." But Lania's faith in Young goes beyond such factual matters as what happens in the stories—it extends even into the area of phraseology. Compare these excerpts from the two authors.

Young: "A few days after this [*For Whom the Bell Tolls*] was published, Pauline Pfeiffer divorced him for desertion, and a few days after that he married still another St. Louis girl, the novelist Martha Gellhorn. She had once come to Key West as a reporter to interview him for *Collier's*, and they had met again in Spain."

Lania: "A few days after the publication of *For Whom the Bell Tolls* Pauline [Pfeiffer] had won a divorce on the grounds of desertion, and shortly afterwards Hemingway married his third wife, Martha Gellhorn, the writer, again a girl from St. Louis. They had got to know each other when she interviewed him for 'Colliers' magazine. Later, they met again in Spain, where she too was employed as a war correspondent."

Nothing could be simpler than to go on with such illuminating parallel passages, not only from Young's book but just as easily from Carlos Baker's *Hemingway: the Writer as Artist* (1952), and Charles Fenton's *The Apprenticeship of Ernest Hemingway* (1954). The villain of this review, however, is not Lania—whoever he is—but the publisher who has palmed off this combination of indifferent photos and ridiculous text on the hapless book-buyer.

Further, the book is shot through with typographical errors and factual blunders. Some of them might have needed a well-informed reader (at the expense, perhaps, of a $50 fee) to spot, but *anyone* who has read Hemingway knows that the heroine of *The Sun Also Rises* is not named "Lady Ashley Bratt"—and this absurdity is repeated eight times. It's so bad it would be funny if it weren't for the fact that good books go begging to the doors of university presses, where the author's frequently have to share the production costs, while junk like this takes up space in the commercial market.

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